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Vol IV

Dear Mother

Could I fly to your arms this evening I could give you such proof of my affection for you that you would be constrained to say, my son indeed loves me. I was never before so sensible of the invaluable blessing of a Mother. When I reflect that long extended plains — rugged rocks, beetling cliffs, and snow capped mountains remove me far from my native home and dearest friends a tear thought contrary to my natures, will gather in my eye and chilly fear runs around my heart. My imagination often surmounts every obstacle, soars triumphantly over every towering height and eagerly looks for my Mother, sister and friends at the South, and taking advantage while my other senses are locked in the arms of sleep can often carries me, a happy guest, into the family circle and permits me to spend a happy, though imaginary season, with those whom I love. Memory loves to linger around the home of my youth, and recall to mind the varied scenes of the past. A tenfold value, in my estimation is attached to every character, every spot of earth in prospect. And why is it thus am I home sick, dejected and melancholly? No my Mother but I am a stranger in a strange land, and although in the midst of society, well informed, courteous, civil and refined, I have no bosom friend, with whom I can freely unravel the joys and sorrows of my soul. I find no one, who has ever acquainted with my Father, who knows my Mother or is acquainted with any one, with whom I have been. The marbled some times, seems a blank, and was there no throne of grace to which I could resort, and no Saviour, which I could call my friend and believe did lend a listening ear all my complaint I should indeed be wretched. But to my comfort I have found that consolation in my dear Mother I have not found in this place, to my closet since I have arrived in this place, to which I have long been a stranger. The Lord indeed is every where present and a buckler to those

who put their trust in him. Oh how can we forget so good a God! Why can we not always say and feel "whom have we in heaven but thee, and what is there on the earth we desire besides thee"? Oh my soul, the world and its delusive charms have exerted a powerful influence over thee, and well might paralyzed every virtuous sensation. Books have been thy ideal while the Great Eternal has been forgotten and neglected! Oh my Mother I do think I have been led to see in some measure that my soul has been in a stunning condition, and while I have been concentrating all my energies to store my head with useful knowledge I have been guilty of base neglect with regard to the improvement of my soul. Instead of making religion the first the supreme object, I have treated it as a matter of minor consequence and too often with cold neglect. Pray I entreat you your prayers that God will graciously humble me and give me grace to withstand every temptation and be willing to consecrate all my powers and faculties to him and make me willing to spend and be spent in his service — — — — — —

You will undoubtedly be pleased to hear of my journey to this place, and therefore I will give you a short sketch. I left Middlebury on Tuesday about the time I wrote you last and arrived at Montpelier in the Burlington stage on Wednesday noon, expecting the stage started immediately from M to Stanstead after our arrival; — but found it did not till friday noon. I therefore left my trunk to be forwarded and proceeded on foot over hill and dale by sleigh and plow paring a severe snow storm, about ten miles when I found a tolerable neat dwelling house and put up for the night. The next morning was clear but cold; I started about 9 o'clock, walked about sixteen miles and found a student in Hardwick by the name of Whipple, with whom I spent the night and following day. The next morning I took the stage at Hardwick and arrived about eight o'clock in the evening in this place safe and sound, trunk and all, about 206 miles

warm my dear Friends. I soon resorted to Mr Hubbards Tavern, the place to which I was directed made my self known and appeared to be very cordially received. At first sight I was pleased with the man and countenance to be, still. As I arrived a week earlier than expected, I did not commence school until the week following, when I took upon me the important trust under very favorable auspices. My school averages about 45. most of the scholars are pleasant affectionate and quick to learn. But this week I have found bitter mingled with the sweet— a peculiar trait in the character of earthly pleasures. One of my scholars was dispossed, wilfully to break my regulations, for which I was obliged to censure him he could not do it with impunity and therefore enforced my injunctions with the use of the hickory. well applied. But as his father idolized him, he soon fit to take him and his sister from the school, which occasioned something of a breeze that I was fearful would raise a storm.— but I am happy to find that all the District justify my proceedings, while they point the finger of scorn at him. I acted on principle of duty.— have had an interview the man, but had no concessions to make, so have I expect he will not send his children any more. He is a man of considerable property, but of little influence, an opposer to religion and especially to calvanistick doctrine, and some suppose he has been waiting to find some plausible excuse to remove his children from under the instruction of one who has embraced that sentiment. Whether it be the case I know not. A great majority of the influence in this District are such is in favour of religion and the standard of piety is much more elevated than in Prospect. It appears to be the every day theme of private christians and the zeal of social meetings The society of young people is very small, there are no young gentlemen and but two young ladies with whom I deem any pleasure in associating. But still my mother I think I shall spend the winter very agreeably. I have however been a little home sick part of the time this week, but quite happy to night commencing with you. Time will soon roll

when I trust we shall meet again. I get along very comfortably as it regards clothing, and suspect it is not necessary to give any further directions about the things I wish to be sent me in the spring. Please to write me soon, and tell me every thing about Prospect, who teaches our school, — how does Brewster learn? I hope he loves his book better than he does his plow. Let him study Arithmetick and Geography, neither too young to study Grammar and let him study evenings until I will speak him some reward when I return.

Miss Polly Parker
Rockwell
Mr. Thomas Goodell
Derby
Conn.

Tell Pa I have seen Mr Samuel Broadford. he wished to be particularly remembered to him. He is preaching in Derby — Rimmont. Ah, where is Marcia! My dear sister I wish I could see you. I hope you are making some improvement by reading, writing &c. Every 15 minutes which can be spared, should be spent in cultivating the mind and improving the heart. Direct your letters to Stonington & Cornelia will pay the postage when I will be double. Give love to all, especially to Mr Wilson and family. Brown your son. N B Brewster